

1st.

A  
Short Reply  
TO THE  
AUTHOR  
OF THE  
WHIGS REJOINDER, &c.

30. Aug. 1682. A long thing.

**W**Hat ails this peevish Arse-worm? what's the matter  
That makes this snarling Cur keep such a Clatter?  
Poor famish'd Whelp! fling him a Ven'son bone,  
'Tis that he wants, to cease his yelping tone.  
Perhaps the Royal-Pasty did n't agree  
With him, being Pepper'd with True-Loyalty,  
Or else it smelt too hot of Popery.

Away, thou Coxcomb, with thy riff-raff stuff,  
One poultry Poem sure, had been enough,  
On the same subject; for indeed I fear  
You'll want this penny-worth of Wit next year.  
Never were Mortals pester'd thus, but we,  
With Bumbast-Nonsense, Limping-Poetry.  
Thou silly prating Whig to write such Verse,  
Not good enough to wipe a Tories Arse—  
Sure thou wert drunk (or like a snoring Sow)  
When you this Nonsense made, I know not how:  
Nay fitter to be burnt than put in Print,  
I would made better, else the Devils in't.  
Well maist thou boast of thy quick-Wit, I think  
Such Rhimes as these flow'd faster than thy Ink.  
A Pregnant Lad, I faith, whose Past-board Scull,  
With damn'd Sedition being cram'd quite full,  
At the least motion straightway overflows,  
That Verles drop like Fat, from's very Nose.

Alas



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Alas poor Whig! who think it if thou but lap  
The pretious droppings of a Polish-tap,  
You're strait inspir'd with such Poetick rage  
That can with Satyr lash the wanton Age;  
In truth it must be so, wh' has such a one  
For's *Phabus*, and such Drink for's *Helicon*.  
Whigs are but Pigmy-Poets, and do they  
Encounter Giant Tories in a fray?  
Thou Clodpate, foppish Potaster, who  
Art the *Goliab* of the Canting-crew,  
Forbear your Babling, or you'll find, I say,  
Tories can write more than a Verse a day.  
Dost think to scare us with an angry Frown,  
Or with thy Paper Pellets to knock us down?  
In vain you waste your Venom and your Spight,  
Such Bugbear-words Us Tories can't afright,  
Those Dogs which bark so much, do very seldome bite.  
In spight of Hell, *Rome*, and *Geneva* too,  
In spight of all that Schismatics can do,  
We will Address our Monarch *Charles* the Great,  
And lay our Lives beneath his Sacred feet.  
No sly Deceitful Whig, nor Presbyter, *Sandy Curtis,*  
Nor lying *Curtis*, *Richard*, prating *Care*, *Henry Cant.*  
Shall me deceive, nor fill my head with Stories,  
In praise of Whigs, and discommmend the Tories.  
Tories are Loyal, Whigs Disloyal are,  
As for Example, *Richard*, *Curtis*, *Care*.  
Therefore poor simple proud deceitfull Whig,  
I for thy snarling tricks care not a fig;  
But hold thy Traitorous tongue and do not prate  
Lest I with Loyal Pasty break thy Pate;  
For while thou dost mutter, I will sing,  
*Huzzab's* and Songs to make the Skies to ring  
And Drink a Health to *Charles* our Noble King.

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L O N D O N, Printed for C. B. 1782.